

# The New-York Weekly Magazine ;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

W E D N E S D A Y, OCTOBER 26, 1796.

[ No. 69.

### A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

IT was low ebb when our vessel made the offing of Dublin bay, and it being then night, we lay at anchor till morning. The moon shone remarkably bright, and reflected in silver shades upon the sea, which waved with a gentle heaving---a murmur---it was nature sighing with a love-creating respiration.

For some leagues on each side the harbour's mouth it was encircled with a fleet of herring boats, and I not being inclined to sleep, accompanied the captain in the yawl, to visit them.

The drawing of the herring nets, is, perhaps, the most pleasing and beautiful sight the human mind can conceive: the fish, as they are hauled up the vessel's side, sparkle like diamonds.

I could not but express my surprize to the captain at the quantity taken; and by him was informed, that these schools approached the coast by millions and tens of millions, extending many miles, and swimming several fathoms deep over one another. They make their way through the sea, as men do on earth, each individual striving to be uppermost, and with this stronger circumstance of similarity, that the fish which gets uppermost is always in most danger.

"I shall eat half a dozen of these herrings," said the captain, as he took about a dozen out of a net without leave or notice, to the boatman, who made no objection. "I shall eat half a dozen of these herrings," said he, "when I return to my vessel."---"What, captain, must six lives be sacrificed to satisfy your appetite at one meal?"

For half a moment I was converted by this reflection to the religion of the Indian Bramins, who refuse all animal food; but the captain who was a philosopher, as suddenly induced me to apostatize from my new opinion.

A number of large porpoises or sea hogs, were sporting round.---"Why not eat them?" said the captain, pointing to the porpoises; "those creatures feed upon herrings, and innumerable great fish feed upon them; and it is the same to the herring, whether he is eaten by a porpoise or by a man."

"Very true," said I, "there are sea monsters, who live upon their fellow-creatures as well as land monsters who devour each other."

"It is impossible to understand those affairs, or the reason of them," observed the captain; "I have got a microscope on board, and I'll prove to you that innumerable animals perish at every suction of your breath. The great difference between voracious fish, voracious quadrupeds, voracious birds, and voracious man, is this: the first three classes eat to satisfy hunger only, and devour without preparation; but the cruelty which man inflicts upon those creatures Providence has empowered him to use for his sustenance, may be considered as a species of ingratitude, which of all crimes merits the severest punishment."

### WISDOM AND VIRTUE.

WISDOM or virtue is nothing more than the disposition to attain and enjoy the greatest happiness, with the knowledge how to attain and to bestow it.

Wisdom has ever some benevolent end in her purposes and actions; on the contrary, folly either mistakes evil for good, or, when she assumes the nature of vice, entertains a malevolent intention.

The advantages and defects of nature should be considered as common to society: the weak have a claim to the assistance of the strong; the strong derive a pleasure from assisting the weak; and the wise are so far happy as the well disposed partake of their wisdom.

There is no one virtue that includes not, in a general sense, all other virtues. Wisdom cannot subsist without justice, temperance, and fortitude, for wisdom is the sum of all these. It is impossible to be just without temperance, or temperate without fortitude, and so alternately of the rest.

### MORAL MAXIMS.

A man without merit may live without envy; but who would wish to escape on these terms?

Live so as to hold yourself prepared either for a long life or a short one.



THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;  
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA'IA.  
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

(Continued from page 126.)

I MADE, without delay, the requisite preparations, and in a quarter of an hour, stepped in my carriage. I looked once more back to the spot where Amelia resided, and drove through the city-gate.

At the first stage I wrote to her that an unforeseen important accident had forced me to set out on my journey so early in the morning, that it would have been unbecoming to pay her the promised farewell visit; I vowed to return on pinions of love, as soon as my business at M\*\*\*\*d should be settled. I painted with lively colours all the pains of separation, and all the tenderness of an afflicted heart, in order to convince Amelia, that I had been forced by stern necessity to depart without seeing her once more. Alas! the farther the rolling carriage removed me from the dear object of my love, the more I grew sensible of the greatness of the sacrifice which I had made to the Irishman. I examined my letters and papers in order to divert my gloomy thoughts, and found one more copy of a letter from the Irishman which I had not yet decyphered. The following is the result of my endeavours to unfold its contents:

"MY LORD,

"My designs on Miguel had very near been ruined by the loss of his life, and in some measure I myself have been the cause of his having been hurried to the brink of destruction. But who could have foreseen such an event! With the leave of your Excellency, I shall relate the incident at large.

"I had sent one part of my servants to follow Miguel on his journey. I myself staid behind in order to make an attempt of restoring the health of the Countess, for whose life the ignorance of her physician had made me tremble. The success I met with surpassed my most sanguine expectation. Some drops of an electuary which I poured into the mouth of the Countess produced so sudden an effect, that, in a few hours, the most unequivocal signs of returning health were perceived. As soon as I had been informed of this desirable change, I followed Miguel with the rest of my people, having previously ordered the valet of the Countess to write three days after to the Duke, that the Countess was dead—and in a few days later, that I had recalled her to life. At the same time I requested him to desire his dismissal from Amelia, and to follow me, because I wanted his assistance in the execution of my designs. The view I had in commanding him to inform the Duke of Amelia's pretended death, was to convince myself by the manner in which he should receive that intelligence, whether his love to the Countess had been only a transient attachment, or whether his passion for her was of a more serious nature, and what degree it had attained. I need not explain to your Excellency, how necessary this knowledge was to me. The second commission had no other aim,

"than to pour balsam in Miguel's wound, and at the same time, to make me appear to him a miracle-working being, and his and Amelia's friend; whereby I expected to gain his confidence.

"I pursued my road with so much speed, that I overtook Miguel before he had finished one half of his journey, and joined my people, who preceded me. As soon as the Duke had arrived at the place of his destination, and we along with him, I quartered my people in different places in such a manner, that he was surrounded by them from all sides. I took a convenient house in the suburbs for myself, in order to escape his looks with greater safety.

"On the third day after our arrival, Miguel received the letter by which he was informed of the Countess's death. The effects which this intelligence produced upon him must have been a kind of frenzy. One of my people who watched all his steps, informed me late in the evening, he had seen Miguel rushing out of his house with every mark of despair in his countenance, and running with such a velocity that he and his comrade hardly had been able to follow him. He added, that Miguel after two hours roaming about, had stopped not far from hence, at the banks of a river, where he was walking up and down, absorbed in profound reverie.

"Soon after a second messenger told me, Miguel had plunged into the river, but one of his comrades who had watched him narrowly, and leaped after him, had saved him, and was going to carry him to my house. A few minutes after, Miguel was brought by some of my people. He resembled a corpse, the palpitiation of his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he was entirely bereft of his recollection. I ordered him instantly to be carried to a spacious empty vault, and while some of my men endeavoured to restore him to the use of his senses, I was making preparations to chastise him severely when he should have recovered from his stupor.

"As soon as my servants perceived that he was recovering, I ordered him to be carried into the middle of the vault, and placed myself in deep disguise opposite him at a considerable distance, making a signal to those who were present to retire to an adjoining apartment, and to take the candles with them. No sooner was every thing in order, than I perceived by a deep groan of Miguel, that he had recovered his recollection. His state of mind when awaking, must have been very strange. His recollection told him, that he had plunged into the river, in a place where he saw nobody present, and now he awoke in a dry, empty, and spacious dark room: he must have fancied he awoke in another world; and this idea seems to have thrilled him with its acutest pungency, for he uttered a loud scream which made the vault resound.\*

\* This is a mistake, for we know by the Duke's own account, that he uttered this scream because he felt himself pulled down by an invisible hand when he was going to get up. The Irishman having known nothing of this circumstance, it is probable that the unknown cause of this pulling down, was no other than a foot of the Duke, with which he, in his stupor, kept his cloak down, when he was getting up, without knowing it.



"waiting in the adjoining chamber. They kindled a pole which was fixed near an aperture in the wall, and enveloped with flax, and wetted with spirit of wine, which spread a faint light through the spacious vault. The astonishment which Miguel was seized with, when looking all around and seeing nothing but a man wrapt in a scarlet cloak, surpasses all powers of description. His anxiety increased when he saw me staring at him without replying a word to his questions, and heard one of my people exclaim, in a doleful accent, woe! woe! woe! When I at last stepped forth and made myself known to him, he professed himself, as if in the presence of a superior being. I read him a severe lecture on his rash deed, and at the same time endeavoured to rouse his ambition for the service of his country, in which I succeeded. A soft music began at once in the adjoining chamber, on a signal which I made to my people. The melodious strains of a harp and a flute were accompanied by the sweet notes of an harmonious voice, which announced to the astonished Miguel that Amelia was alive. His rapture bordered on frenzy. I ordered him to be silent, blind-folded him and delivered him to the care of a servant, whom I secretly ordered to conduct him to his hotel, and to return no answer to his questions. My deputy acquitted himself extremely well of his trust. He led him silently to his hotel, and when Miguel turned round the corner of the house, unfastened the bandage which blind-folded his eyes, and concealed himself in a house, the door of which was open. Miguel must have been strangely situated, when after a few steps the bandage dropped from his eyes and nobody was seen around him. Very fortunately the night was far advanced, and the whole affair remained concealed.

"Thus happily ended an adventure which had begun in a manner so inauspicious.

"However, Palefski has committed a foolish trick, which I cannot forgive him. He desired his dismissal from the Countess, which being refused by his Lady, who imagined him to be a faithful servant, he left her clandestinely. He shall smart for this inconsiderate action.

"I am with the greatest respect,

"&c. &c. &c."

As far as this letter informed me that no superior power had had a share in the above mentioned adventure, it contained nothing that was new to me, for the Irishman himself had not concealed from me, that all the wonderful adventures which had happened to me before Palefski's confession had been the effect of illusion; however, it was important to me learn *how*, and by what artifices I had been deceived. I cannot but confess that this natural explanation of the whole affair excited my astonishment at the Irishman, not less than those adventures had surprised me at the time when I believed him to be a supernatural being, and that I ardently wished to have cleared up several other events of that epocha which I could not unriddle.

Soon after my arrival at M\*\*\*\*d, I went to pay a visit to the minister. He received me very kindly, and discoursed above an hour with me, although he was so over charged with state-affairs that no stranger could get access to him. I was not less successful with the Secretary of State, in whose favour I ingratiated myself so much in the course of half an hour, that he professed himself extremely happy in having got acquainted with me. Both of them invited me to visit them frequently during my stay at M\*\*\*\*d, an invitation which I took care to make the best use of.

I perceived soon with astonishment and joy, that I was getting nearer the mark much sooner than I had expected first. Though I am of opinion that the visibly growing favour of these two courtiers was partly founded on personal attachment, yet the Irishman had not been mistaken when he told me, that the relation which existed between myself and Vasconcellos would render the access to their confidence easier. Sum\*\*ez, the Secretary of State, enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the Minister, and was related to Vasconcellos. Therefore the friendship of the latter paved for me the road to Sum\*\*ez, and the friendship of Sum\*\*ez to Oliva\*\*ez. The two secretaries of State were the chief administrators of the government; Sum\*\*ez in the council of Sp\*\*n, at Ma\*\*\*d, and Vasconcellos in the council of state at Lisbon, and consequently were the vice-tyrants of my native country, who jointly executed the designs of Oliv\*\*ez, who in the name of the King of Sp\*\*n was at the helm of despotism.

That the Irishman had very well calculated these concatenations, will appear by the subsequent plan which he founded upon them. I had wrote to Amelia, and Lady Delier, as soon as I had arrived at M\*\*\*\*d, and now received an answer from both of them. Every line of the former breathed heavenly love and kindness; the tender and amiable sentiments of her soul, purified by the trials of misfortunes, were palpably displayed in her letter, as in an unspotted mirror. O! how many a time did I kiss, read, and re-peruse it, till at length, what a sweet delusion of my enraptured imagination! I fancied I saw the amiable writer before me, and heard from her lips the words which were written upon the paper.—

(To be continued.)

#### AUTHENTICATED ETYMOLOGIES.

THE term *hurricane*, is supposed to take its rise from one *Harry Kane*, a turbulent Irishman who lived at *Antigua*, the name of which is now well known to be derived from an avaricious old female planter who once lived on the island, and was called by the sailors *Aunt Eager*.

A jolly West-Indian, whenever the neighbouring girls came to his plantations, insisted upon their sipping his choicest syrups, and reiterated the terms "*My lasses*;" thence the name of that syrup. Few words have aberrated from their primaries less than this.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MARIA; OR, THE SEDUCTION.

A FRAGMENT.

"How curst the monster, who with specious guile,  
"Employs *Seduction's* soul-degrading arts,  
"To drench in tears the cheek that once could smile,  
"To blast the joy that innocence imparts!"

\*\*\*\* I SAW she was falling, and hastened to her assistance. I caught her in my arms, and led her into the house. By the application of salts she recovered—"He refused to listen to me!" she exclaimed, when her powers of utterance had returned, "and but for him I still might have been happy." I asked who the person was she spoke of? "Ah!" replied she, "it was the wretch that seduced me from the paths of rectitude."---When she had regained sufficient strength I requested her to relate to me her misfortunes, and she gratified me as follows---

MARIA'S NARRATIVE.

UNDER the specious pretext of love, Frederick has bereaved me of all the happiness and comfort of life. While I fondly dreamed of future bliss he became a visitor at our house. I knew not then that 'twas to see me alone he came, as he had not given me the least hint of it; but my parents imagined he was wooing me to become his bride.

It was some time before he paid any direct addresses to me. He then said that he had long been in love with me, but forbore to mention it sooner as he feared I would discard him; and ended with asking if he might be permitted to hope. I gave him no positive answer, until he enquired whether I had a partiality for any other. I told him I had not. His countenance brightened at this. He took my hand, and with all the fervor of love raised it to his lips. When he departed, he said, that was the happiest moment of his life.

After this his visits were more frequent. One evening I was left entirely alone, the family had gone to the theatre. Mrs. M---, a lady from England, made her first appearance on the New-York stage. A slight indisposition occasioned my not being of the party. Frederick, it seems, knew I was alone, and came in just after they had departed.

The next week had been appointed for our nuptials. He entered rather dejected. I enquired the reason of his melancholy. He said he was fearful I did not love him sincerely. I asked if I had ever given him reason for such a suspicion; and said that all beside him were indifferent to me. Here his countenance again assumed its wonted brightness. "Do you then indeed behold me with pleasure?" said he. "I know that on you alone depends my felicity---should you be cruel, Frederick would cease to exist." He took my hand, and imprinted on it a profusion of kisses. To me he appeared sincere, and I viewed him as singled out by fate for my companion thro' life.

"Ah! my Maria!" continued he, still holding my hand clasped in his, "did you but know the happiness your words have given me---It is indescribable.---Still

manifest for me your love, and every hour of my life will study to deserve it. Should I ever prove myself unworthy your tender regard, I should abhor myself." He continued protestations of his love---the minutes were swift---and ere the evening had elapsed he triumphed over my innocence and credulity---in fine, he left me miserable.

When my parents returned I beheld myself degraded below them, and unfit for their company. I sat in a musing posture. They attributed my want of spirits to the head-ach, which had occasioned my staying at home, and endeavoured to enliven me by giving an account of the entertainments, and the excellent performance of Mrs. M---. I paid no attention to what they said. To bed I went, but not to close my eyes: Sleep had fled me. In the morning I had a slight fever, and was at times delirious. In a few days I recovered sufficiently to learn that Frederick had set out for France the day after he rendered me so completely miserable. This occasioned a relapse, and I had approached the verge of the grave. My friends were weeping over me, expecting every moment to be my last. I wished not for life; I sought for death as the only means to conceal my shame. But it pleased Heaven to raise me, contrary to all expectation. In two weeks from the time I began to mend, I had strength sufficient to leave my room, I then found it too true that my deceiver had left home, and did not expect to return in two years.

I dreaded staying any longer where I expected the repentment of my father, when he should become acquainted with my disgrace. I left the house under cover of the night, unperceived. I took with me a small bundle of clothes, and some trifle in cash, which were my own. By working I hoped to subsist until Frederick's return; for I still thought his voyage was of necessity, and unexpected. The money was soon gone, and almost every article I could possibly spare. I expected to starve. In this dilemma, I chanced to hear of a place where a young woman was wanted for the upper-servant in the kitchen. I applied, and obtained it. The wages were liberal, and I had not the more laborious part; I endeavoured to give satisfaction to my employer. I lived in this manner until I was taken ill, when I gave birth to this child---I called him after his father.

My recovery was slow; and when I could walk I was unable to work as before; consequently I was forced to give up my place. Since then I have wholly subsisted on the charity of others.

This morning, by accident, I beheld the cause of my woes. I determined to speak with him although he was in company. When I first accosted him, he disregarded me. I told him I was in a poor state of health, and requested only a small boon. "Is that your child?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "and his name is Frederick." He looked me in the face, for I perceived until then he did not know me---"I have nothing for you!" he exclaimed in an angry tone, and passed on with his companions. My head felt light, and I certainly should have dropped on the pavement, had not heaven sent you to my relief---

October 12, 1796.

L. B.



INTERESTING HISTORY OF  
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated COUNT PULASKI, well known as the champion of America's Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779.

*Interpersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.*

(Continued from page 123.)

"GENTLEMEN," said he, to the astonished Bacchanals, "my brother's head is not very strong to-day: it is perhaps in consequence of his wound; let us not therefore either speak to or drink any more with him; for I am afraid of his health, and indeed you would oblige me exceedingly if you would assist me to carry him to his bed."—"To his own bed?" says one of them: "that is impossible! But I will most willingly lend him my chamber." They accordingly laid hold of me, and conveyed me into a garret, of which a bed, a table, and a chair, formed the sole movables. Having shut me up in this paltry apartment, they instantly left me. This was all that I wanted, for the moment that I was alone, I immediately sat down to write a long letter to Lodoiska.

I began by fully justifying myself from the crimes of which I had been accused by Pulaski: I then recounted every thing that had occurred since the first moment of our separation, until that when I had entered the castle of Dourlinski: I detailed the particulars of my conversation with the Baron: I concluded by assuring her of the most tender and the most respectful passion, and swore to her, that the moment she gave me the necessary information concerning her situation, I would expose myself to every danger, in order to finish her horrid captivity.

As soon as my letter was sealed, I delivered myself up to a variety of reflections, which threw me into a strange perplexity. Was it actually Lodoiska who had thrown those tiles into the garden? Would Pulaski have had the injustice to punish his daughter for an attachment which he himself had approved? Would he have had the inhumanity to plunge her into a frightful prison? And even if the hatred he had sworn to me had blinded him so much, how was it possible that Dourlinski would thus have condescended to have become the minister of his vengeance?

But, on the other hand, for these three last long months, on purpose to disguise myself, I had only worn tattered clothes: the fatigues of a tedious journey, and my chagrin, had altered me greatly; and who but a mistress could have been able to discover Lovzinski in the gardens of Dourlinski? Besides, had I not seen the name of Lodoiska traced upon the tile? Had not Dourlinski himself acknowledged that Lodoiska had been a prisoner with him? It is true, he had added that she had made her escape; but was not this incredible? And wherefore that hatred which Dourlinski had vowed against me, without knowing my person? What occasioned that look of inquietude, when it was told

him, that the emissaries of Pulaski occupied a chamber that looked into his garden? And why above all that appearance of terror, when I announced to him the arrival of my pretended master?

All these circumstances were well calculated to throw me into the greatest agitation. I ruminated over this frightful and mysterious adventure, which it was impossible for me to explain. For two hours, I unceasingly put new questions to myself, to which I was exceedingly embarrassed to make any reply; when at length Bolestras came to see if I had recovered from my debauch. I had but little difficulty in convincing him that my inebriety was mere affectation; after which we went down together to the kitchen, where we spent the rest of the day. What a night! none in my whole life ever appeared so long, not even that which followed.

At length the attendants conducted us to our chamber, where they shut us up, as on the former occasion, without any light: it was yet two tedious hours until midnight. At the first stroke of the clock, we gently opened the shutters and the casement. I then prepared to jump into the garden; but my embarrassment was equal to my despair, when I found myself obstructed by means of iron bars. "Behold," said I to Bolestras, "what the cursed confidant of Dourlinski whispered in his ear! behold what his odious master approved, when he said, *let it be done instantly!* behold what they have been working at during the day! it was on this account that they prevented us from entering the chamber."

"My lord, they have stood on the outside," replies Bolestras; "for they have not perceived that the shutter has been forced."

"Alas! whether they have perceived it or not," exclaim I with violence, "what does it signify? This fatal grating destroys all my hopes: it insures the slavery of Lodoiska—it insures my death."

"Yes, without doubt, it insures thy death!" repeats a person, at the same time opening the door; and immediately after, Dourlinski, preceded by several armed men, and followed by others carrying flambeaux, enter our prison *fabre in hand*. "Traitor!" exclaims he, while addressing himself to me with a look in which fury was visibly depicted, "I have heard all—I know who you are,—your servant has discovered your name. Tremble! Of all the enemies of Lovzinski, I am the most implacable!"

"Search them," continues he, turning to his attendants: they accordingly rushed in upon me; and as I was without arms, I made an useless resistance. They accordingly robbed me of my papers, and of the letter I had just written to Lodoiska. Dourlinski exhibited a thousand signs of impatience while reading it, and was scarce able to contain himself.

"Lovzinski," says he to me, endeavouring to smother his rage, "I already deserve all your hatred; I shall soon merit it still more: in the mean time you must remain with your worthy confidant in this chamber, to which you are so partial."



After uttering these words, he left me; and having double-locked the door, he placed a centinel on the outside, and another in the garden, opposite to the window.

Figure to yourself the horrible situation into which Bolellas and myself were now plunged. My misfortunes were at their height; but those of Lodoiska affected me more than my own! How great must be her uneasiness! She expects Lovfinski, and Lovfinski abandons her! But no—Lodoiska knows me too well; she can never suspect me of such base perfidy. Lodoiska! she will judge of her lover by herself; she will think Lovfinski partakes her lot, since he does not succour her—Alas! the very certainty of my misfortunes will augment her own!

On the next day, they gave us provisions through the grating of our window; and by the quality of the viands which they furnished us with, Bolellas augured the most sinister events. Being however less unhappy than myself, he supported his fate much more courageously. He offered me my share of the mean repast which he was about to make; I would not eat: he pressed me; but it was in vain! for existence was become an insupportable burden to me.

"Ah! live!" said he at length, shedding a torrent of tears: "live; and if not for Bolellas, let it be for Lodoiska!" These words made the most lively impression on my mind; they even re-animated my courage; and hope having once more re-entered my heart, I embraced my faithful servant. "O my friend!" exclaimed I at the same time with transport, "my true friend! I have been the occasion of thy ruin, and yet my misfortunes affect thee more than thine own! Yes, Bolellas! yes! I will live for Lodoiska; I will live for thee: if just Heaven shall restore me to my fortune and rank, you shall see that your master is not ungrateful!" We now embraced once more.

Ah! how much do misfortunes connect men together! how sweet it is, when one suffers, to hear another unfortunate address a word of consolation to him!

We had groaned in this prison for no less than twelve days, when several ruffians came to drag me forth on purpose to conduct me to Dourlinski. Bolellas wished to follow, but they repulsed him with violence: however they permitted me to speak to him for a single moment. I then drew from a private pocket a ring which I had worn for ten years, and said to Bolellas:—"This ring was given me by M. de P. when we were at college together at Warsaw: take it, my friend; and preserve it for my sake. If Dourlinski this day consummates his treason by my assassination, and if he should at length permit you to leave this castle, go, find your king, recall to his memory our ancient attachment, recount my misfortunes to him; he will recompense you, and succour Lodoiska. Adieu my friend!"

After this, I was conducted to the apartment of Dourlinski. As soon as the door opened, I perceived a lady

in a chair, who had just fainted away. I approached her—it was Lodoiska! Heavens! how much did I find her altered!--but she was still handsome! "Barbarian!" exclaimed I, addressing myself to Dourlinski; and at the voice of her lover, Lodoiska, recovered her senses.

"Ah, my dear Lovfinski," says she, looking wistfully at me, "do you know what this infamous wretch has proposed? do you know at what price he has offered me your liberty?"

"Yes," cries the furious chieftain, "yes, I am determined upon it: you see that he is in my power; and if in three days I do not obtain my wishes, he shall be no more!" I endeavoured to throw myself on my knees at the feet of Lodoiska; but my guards prevented me: "I behold you again, and all my ills are forgotten, Lodoiska—death has now no longer any thing terrifying in its aspect."

"Wretch," added I, looking sternly at Dourlinski, "know that Pulaski will avenge his daughter! know that the king will avenge his friend!"

"Let him be carried away!" was the only reply made by the ferocious palatine.

"Ah!" exclaims Lodoiska, "my love has been your ruin!" I was about to answer, but the attendants dragged me out, and re-conducted me to prison.

Bolellas received me with inexpressible transports of joy; he avowed to me that he thought me lost for ever, and I recounted to him how that my death was but deferred. The scene of which I had been a witness, confirmed all my suspicions; it was evident that Pulaski was ignorant of the unworthy treatment which his daughter experienced; it was also evident that Dourlinski, old, amorous, and jealous, was determined, at any rate, to satisfy his passions.

In the mean time, two of the days allowed by Dourlinski for the determination of Lodoiska, had already expired; we were now in the midst of the night which preceded the fatal third; I could not sleep, and I was walking hastily about my prison. All at once I heard the cry of "To arms! to arms!" The most frightful howlings prevailed on the outside, and a great commotion took place within the castle. The centinel placed at our window, left his post. Bolellas and I were able to distinguish the voice of Dourlinski, calling and encouraging his followers; and we soon distinctly heard the clashing of swords, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. The noise, which at first was very great seemed at length to die away. It recommenced soon after; it redoubled; and at length we heard a shout of "Victory!"

To this frightful tumult, a still more frightful silence ensues. In a short time, a low crackling sound is heard to approach us; the air seems to hiss with violence; the night becomes less dark; the trees in the garden assume a red and warm tint; we fly to the window: the flames are devouring the castle of Dourlinski! they approach



the chamber in which we were confined, from all sides; and, to overwhelm me with new horror, the most piercing shrieks are uttered from that tower in which I knew that Lodoiska was imprisoned!

The fire becoming every moment more violent, was about to communicate to the chamber in which we were shut up, and the flames already began to curl around the base of the tower in which Lodoiska was immured!

(To be continued.)

+++++  
MILITARY ANECDOTE.

**D**URING the late war in America, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a Captain gave liberty to the men, who were drafted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them who had an impediment in his speech, came up to the captain and made his bow. "What is your objection?" said the captain. "I ca-a-ant go,"—answers the man, "because I st-st-stutter." "Stutter," says the captain, "you don't go there to talk, but to fight." "Ay, but they'll p-p-put me upon g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say wh-wh-who goes there?" "Oh that is no objection, for they will place another sentry with you, and he can challenge, if you can fire." "Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken, and run through the g-g-guts, before I can cry qu-qu-quar-ter." This last plea prevailed, and the captain, out of humanity (*laughing heartily*), dismissed him.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**B**EING told that I am supposed, by many, to be the author of a piece signed "Theodore," which appeared in your last, under the title of "THE RENCONTRE;" I hereby inform them that I had no hand either directly or indirectly therein. Far be it from me to wish to expose the failings of any of my fellow creatures; and much more so of those for whom I entertain no small degree of esteem.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

October 25, 1796.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**H**AVING learned that the piece in last week's Magazine, entitled "THE RENCONTRE," has given considerable offence to one of the parties, whom, through misinformation, I pictured as the aggressor; I sincerely beg his pardon, as I have since heard he was innocent---Therefore I now assure him that the charge I exhibited against him, is void of foundation, and was related to me with all the appearance of truth.

THEODORE.

Monday morning, Oct. 24, 1796.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 13th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. A. M'GREGOR, merchant, to Miss JANET WILSON, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. EDWARD MEEKS, cabinet maker, to Miss SUSANNAH COOPER, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Cooper, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. JOHN MUNROE, of this city, merchant, to Miss OLIVIA ROE, daughter of the Rev. Azel Roe, of Woodbridge, New Jersey.

At Horse-Neck, on Sunday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Lewis, Mr. BREZELIEL BROWN, to Miss CHARLOTTE MARSHALL, both of that place.

On Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. GIDEON HALLETT, to Miss POLLY PUGSLEY, both of New-Town, (L. I.)

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. JOHN TENBROOK, Merchant, to Miss ALITHEA SICKLES, daughter of Mr. John Sickles, all of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 16th to the 22d inst.

Oa.	Thermometer observed at		Prevailing winds.		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	
	deg. 100	deg. 100.			
16	60	62	50	s. do.	cloudy high wd. rn. small do
17	49	56	75	nw do	clear, high wind do. lht. wd.
18	41	50	49	n. do.	clear, light wind do. do.
19	44	50	55	sw. do.	foggy calm cloudy lt. wd.
20	49	57		ne. do.	cloudy light wind do. do.
21	50	54	50	ne. se	cloudy light wind do. do.
22	54	57		e. se.	cloudy lt. wd. rn. cly. lt. wd.

CONTENTED IN THE VALE.

**W**HILE envy and ambition fire,  
The wealthy and the proud,

I to my humble cot retire,  
To shun the selfish croud.

Secure, I envy not a king,  
While o'er my nut brown ale,  
I merrily and jocund sing,  
Contented in the vale.

Let senators and statesmen great  
Together disagree,  
While I remain in humble state  
Both unconcerned and free.

No duns to interrupt my joy,  
Nor troubles to assail,  
I'd live retir'd from care and noise,  
Contented in the vale.

The stately oak that proudly held  
Dominion o'er the plains,  
Is by the furious tempest fell'd,  
The humble reed remains.

Then may I envy not the hill,  
Nor at my fortune rail,  
But unconstrain'd continue still,  
Contented in the vale.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## TO CLARA.

**T** WAS near the cool Aonian fount reclin'd,  
 Courting dull melancholy's devious shade;  
 While misery and grief usurp'd my mind,  
 And dark despair my every thought pourtray'd.  
 The neighbouring dells responsive to each moan,  
 Vibrate each sigh and echo'd groan for groan:  
 Wrapt in affliction, stranger to repose,  
 In solitude's dark cell wept o'er my woes;  
 'Till lovely Clara's heaven-born lyre  
 With melting softness and Apollo's fire  
 Expell'd the ebon shades of darken'd night,  
 And heavenly glories burst upon my sight:  
 When she strikes the trembling strings,  
 When through tepid air it rings,  
 When it vibrates through the gale,  
 When it does our ears assail,  
 When, borne upon the ambient breeze along,  
 Entranc'd we listen to the magic song;  
 Forget our cares and hush our griefs to sleep,  
 While fancy learns of sacred truth to weep:  
 Serene amid the angry storm,  
 She checks the frenzied passion's scope;  
 And radiant as an angel form,  
 Smiles on the death carv'd urn of hope:  
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,  
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays.  
 And shall we then again be friendship's guests,  
 Again with Clara's smiles shall I be blest;  
 Again together hail each raptur'd scene,  
 Where happiness' bright rays shall on us beam?  
 Again wipe the big drop from misery's eye,  
 And shed the soften'd tear of sympathy.  
 Like the bright Ledeon stars together roam,  
 And Clara and her Emma be but one:  
 And when bright Cynthia's lucid light  
 Breaks through the opaque clouds of night,  
 And throws a fulgent radiance round,  
 At death's cold tomb will we be found:  
 And o'er our relative's sad bier,  
 Together shed the sacred tear:  
 Through night's dark vista thus pour out our soul,  
 While sorrow's magic power our minds controul;  
 And when the sun's returning light  
 Drives each humid cloud away,  
 We together will unite,  
 And bless them with the new-born day:  
 And with soft cadence through the solemn glade,  
 Perform a requiem to their lifeless shade.  
 Yes, lovely maid, thy Emma's heart  
 Friendship's soft sympathy 'll impart;  
 Will catch the tear's effulgent glow,  
 Repress the bosom's swelling flow.  
 In dark oblivion's grave her woes confine,  
 And bow fore'er at friendship's hallow'd shrine:  
 For her she'll seek the flow'et's bloom,  
 The woodbine's delicate perfume;  
 The jasmine breathing sweets divine,  
 And the rubic eglantine.  
 Then quickly fly, swift as old winged time,  
 And round her temples the fair wreath entwine.

And didst thou think thy Emma could refuse  
 The gift sent by thy heavenly muse;  
 So valued—with to kind a view,  
 To thy poor friend—alas! not due;  
 Who if to thy soft soothing lay  
 The trembling wire she did essay;  
 To strike—perchance one casual note,  
 Upon the liquid air to float:  
 Inspir'd by thy sweet muse supreme,  
 Of happiness might dart a gleam.  
 To thy mellifluous harp the sounds belong,  
 For thou alone attun'd the friendly song:  
 As the pale moon that does illumine the night  
 From heaven's bright radiant orb receives her light.

New-York, Oct. 17, 1796.

EMMA.

## TO THE EDITOR.

If you think the inclosed ELEGY, the production of a Boy, deserving a place in your Magazine, you are welcome to publish it. I believe few, if any, in this city have seen it.

MATILDA.

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF MISS POLLY MARTIN, WHO  
 DIED IN THE 18th YEAR OF HER AGE.

**F**ORGIVE a youth, although the effort's vain,  
 Who dares to raise the sympathetic lay;  
 Though lost with Shenstone in th' elegiac strain,  
 And loose unstrung reclines the lyre of Gray.

Yet when fair virtue animates the line,  
 Say, shall the muse withhold her wonted fire;  
 When cherubs drooping o'er the urn recline,  
 Shall she unwilling strike the golden lyre.

Here lies the maid who late the village charm'd  
 From whose remains the virgin lily springs,  
 Emblem of her who envy's pow'r disarm'd,  
 While round her turf the mournful robin sings.

Chaunt your sweet vespers through the ambient air,  
 Ye wild companions of the tufted grove;  
 Sing how your Polly once was heavenly fair,  
 Form'd of compassion, tenderness and love.

Yet what avails the muse's plaintive song,  
 Can she to life these loved remains restore,  
 These mouldering relics to the earth belong,  
 The young, the lovely Polly is no more.

Her placid eye, bright as the orient day,  
 Too finely wrought for such a world as this,  
 Was clos'd by fairs, who bore her form away,  
 Serenely gliding through the realms of bliss.

By fancy form'd I view her from above,  
 Bending from clouds her parents to implore,  
 Breathing rich fragrance of seraphic love,  
 And soft pronouncing, "mourn for me no more."

"Look on religion's wide-extended page,  
 "Where faith triumphant shews th' uplifted cross;  
 "Let hope of future bliss thy grief assuage,  
 "Think Polly lives, no more deplore thy loss."

SALEM, July 20, 1794.  
 Washington County, State of N. Y.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY JOHN BULL, No. 115, CHERRY-STREET, where every Kind of Printing Work is  
 executed with the utmost Accuracy, Elegance and Dispatch.—SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at 2s. per month)  
 are taken in at the Printing-Office, and by E. MITCHELL, Bookseller, No. 9, Maiden-Lane.